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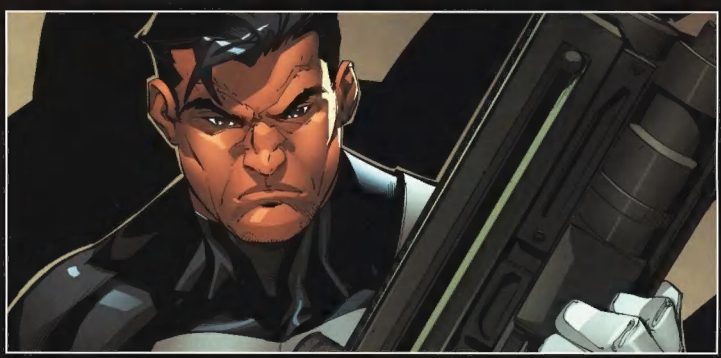
DEADPOOL



Recently, a young man named Conrad offered Deadpool a cool million dollars to take out a mysterious bookie to whom Conrad owes a lot of cash. Deadpool took the gig, but when Wade paid a visit to the bookie's apartment... it exploded, killing many of the nearby residents...

Deadpool then went to a local wing joint, Knockers, where he saw a doctored video on the evening news framing him for the bomb in the apartment building. Now Deadpool's out for revenge...but since the Punisher saw that same broadcast...Wade might not survive the night...

What Deadpool doesn't know is that that's exactly what the gangster Tombstone is counting on. Seems he's the one that Conrad owes money to and he's just bet Conrad double or nothing that Deadpool won't make it through the next twenty-four hours...

MIKE BENSON WRITER	CARLO BARBERI PENCILS	SANDU FLOREA INKS	MARTE GRACIA COLORIST
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERER	MIKE McKONE with ANDRES MOSSA COVER ARTIST		JODY LEHEUP ASSISTANT EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER	ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

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Y'KNOW, I GOT A WEIRD VIBE OFF HIM RIGHT AWAY--LIKE SOMETHING WAS SERIOUSLY OFF. WHY DO THEY *ALWAYS* SEAT THE FREAKS IN *MY* SECTION?
KNOCKERS
I MEAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M LIKE SOME KINDA *LOSER*-MAGNET.
KNOCKERS
SO, WHAT EXACTLY DID HE *DO*, DETECTIVE CATES?
BLEW UP A BUILDING.
MY GOD.
YEP. THE MANIAC IS A HOME-GROWN TERRORIST.
YEAH. YEAH. YEAH. HE'S THE *ONE* FROM THE *NEWS*.
WHATEVER YOU NEED FROM ME, DETECTIVE. I LIKE *TOTALLY* LOVE AMERICA AND I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP YOU.
GOOD TO KNOW, MA'AM. DID HE SAY ANYTHING TO YOU--WHERE HE WAS GOING, WHO HE WAS MEETING? ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP US FIND HIM?
KNOCKERS
UMMM. NO. HE JUST KEPT STARING AT MY BOOBS AND TRIED TO SMELL MY HAIR. HE SAID I LOOKED GOOD IN MY UNIFORM. AND THAT I'D LOOK EVEN BETTER OUTSIDE OF IT.
HAVEN'T HEARD *THAT* BEFORE. CREEP.
CAUTION
BLONDES
THINKING
Banquet ROO
EYES.
HUH?
EYES. UP.
I CAN'T. I'M...LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PICTURE?
TRUST ME...
ROOM
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
...I GOT EYEBALLS ON BOTH TARGETS. BE UP ON THE WATCHER'S WEB BY NIGHTFALL--
USED BEER
THUD
OUCH.
WAIT. WAIT, WAIT.
DETECTIVE?
THE FOOD. HOW DID HE PAY FOR IT? DID HE USE PLASTIC? I COULD WORK WITH THAT. DEFINITELY.
CASH.
I REMEMBER 'CAUSE HE LEFT IT ON TOP OF SOME CREEPY LITTLE PICTURE HE DREW.
PICTURE?
I THINK IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OF ME. THERE WERE ALL THESE HEARTS AND SMILEY FACES. THE PERV LEFT HIS NUMBER LIKE I'M EVER GONNA CALL. CAN YOU SAY: "DELUSIONAL?"
MIND IF WE SEE IT?
SURE. I THINK I REMEMBER WHERE I PUT IT.

ARGG. SO FREAKING GROSS. I'M GONNA BLOW CHUNKS.
BETTER NOT.
GOT IT.
BUCK UP, FRANK. IF THE NUMBER'S GOOD, HE'S OURS.
YOU DON'T LACK CONFIDENCE, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE THE STONE AGE WHERE YOU HAD TO TAP A WIRE. WITH CALLS BOUNCING OFF SATELLITES-- WE JUST PLUCK 'EM OUT OF THIN AIR. EASY-PEASY.
HENRY.
HUH?
"EASY-PEASY"?
SORRY.
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S ON THE LAM, HIS VOICE'S STRESS-POINTS SUGGEST HE'S COOL AS ICE WATER. MAN'S A STONE-COLD KILLER.
DEADPOOL MIGHT BE A MURDERING BOTTOM FEEDER, BUT HE'S A PROFESSIONAL. OTHERWISE, I'D JUST KICK DOWN THE DOOR AND START BLASTING.
HOLD UP. HE'S MAKING ANOTHER CALL...
PLEASE, NO MORE PHONE SEX.
PIZZA.
THANK GOD.

"D-U-M-B. EVERYONE'S ACCUSIN' ME.
PIZZA
"D-U-M-B. EVERYONE'S ACCUSIN' M--
KLIK
PSST, KID.
I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND BUCKS FOR THE JACKET, CAP AND PIE.
KNOCK KNOCK
ZA.

WHO IS IT?
PIZZA.
YUMMY.
COME IN. COME IN. YOU STILL TAKE COUPONS, RIGHT?
SORRY.
DRAT.
ROOM'S CLEAN, FRANK. NO OTHER UNFRIENDLIES.
HOW MUCH IS THAT AGAIN?
UM... FIFTEEN...
TWENTY.
TWENTY. TWENTY.
SORRY 'BOUT THE CHANGE, BUT I COULDN'T HIT AN ATM.
NO PROBLEM.
BUT HEY, MONEY'S MONEY, RIGHT?
AND NO OFFENSE, BRO, BUT A LITTLE LAUNDRY-MONEY AIN'T GONNA KILL YA. GUY YOUR SIZE, MOST PEOPLE AREN'T GONNA TELL YA--BUT YOU'RE WICKED-RIPE, DUDE.

...OOOO, A BUFFALO NICKEL--
ZZAAAMMM!
ZZAAAMMM!
YOU WORKING THAT WHOLE FRAZETTA VIBE, HUH--COOL HAIR DRYER.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE TORNADO.
TORPEDO.
WHATEVER.
FZAT!
FZAT!
ARE YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF OR DO YOU SEE LITTLE YELLOW BOXES TOO?
CLKK!
Y'SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT--
CAUSE NOW I'M GONNA HAVE TO BEAT YA OUTTA RECOGNIZABLE SHAPE.
THAT I'D LIKE TO SEE.
SHUNK

WHAT, WERE THEY HAVING SOME KINDA SA--
GHUK!
KKKRRAAMMM!
DAMN... THIS THING REALLY WORKS.
OF COURSE IT WORKS, FRANK--I REBUILT IT.
MRS. JENSON. RENT'S GONNA BE A LITTLE LATE.
ALWAYS WONDERED WHERE THAT FISH SMELL IN THE HALLWAYS--
KRRUUUUUNCH
LATER, MRS. JENSOOOONNNNNN!

STILL LEARNING TO USE THIS BLOODY THING. SUPPOSED TO BE A "SMART-ARM." WHATEVER THE HELL THAT MEANS.
SMASH
OKAY, NO MORE MR. NICE GUY--
WAIT!
GOTCHA.
SHKT
Oh no.
OOPS.
GREAT PLAN, EINSTEIN. THAT'LL TEACH HIM.

AND IF YOU'RE CURIOUS-- THIS LITTLE BEAUT BELONGED TO A SICK #@!S CALLED WHIPLASH.
THUNK
WHAT GIVES, MAN? YOU GONNA DROP ME OR WHAT?
I'M GONNA GO WITH "WHAT."
KLIK
ARRRGGHHH!!

LOVE WHAT YOU DO AND YOU'LL NEVER WORK A DAY IN YOUR LIFE.
SUCKA!
SUCKS WHEN IT'S HAPPENING TO *YOU*, HUH?
WHUMP
THUD
NIGHTY NIGHT, TOUGH GUY.

TEN MINUTES LATER...
BAM! BAM! BAM!
C'MON, C'MON...BE HOME...
KLIK-KLIK
WHOEVER IT IS, I'M TELLIN' YOU NOW...
...THERE BETTER BE A FIRE.
OUTLAW--YOU--YOU CUT YOUR HAIR--LOOKS NICE--SHORT...
SWEET THROW-BACK TEE.
Oh, the irony.
GIANTS

WADE? OH MY GOD, ARE YOU--
LOOK AT ME. DO YOU REALLY NEED TO ASK?
COME IN, COME IN.
SORRY-- MY EYESOCKET'S DRIPPING ON YOUR FLOOR.
DON'T WORRY, THE CLEANING LADY COMES THIS WEEK.
NEED TO CLOSE EYE. REST. MMMM.
CHICKS DIG VULNERABILITY. CRY AND WE'RE SO IN.
For once, he's right.
NO, NO. WADE, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GONNA SAY THIS, BUT YOU NEED TO KEEP TALKING OR YOU'LL GO INTO SHOCK.
LIKE FLOATING ON A COUPLE OF CLOUDS...
DUDE. YOU KNOW YOU SAID THAT OUT LOUD.
TELL ME IT WASN'T YOU, WADE. YOU'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE NEWS. THOSE POOR PEOPLE IN THE BUILDING--
IT WASN'T ME, I WAS SET UP.
SET UP? BY WHO? WADE... WHO SET YOU UP?
GOOD HAIR? WADE, FOCUS. WHO DID THIS TO YOU?
DUNNO. SOME KID. GOOD HAIR. DELICATE FEATURES...

Dec. 26th, 2008 Early Edition

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OBITUARIES

Professor Charles Francis Xavier

The world was shocked today as news spread of the murder of renowned pacifist and mutant rights activist, Charles Xavier. Although the identity of his killer has not been released to the public, it is widely reported that the man guilty of this crime is none other than his one-time friend and frequent adversary Erik Lensherr, the mutant terrorist known as Magneto.

Charles Xavier devoted his life and his fortune to mutants, opening his doors to those born genetically different and endangered by their own powers, offering a place of learning and sanctuary. His highly exclusive Institute for Gifted Children in Westchester, NY, was revealed to be a training ground and headquarters for the mutant super hero team known as the X-Men, of whom he was the leader and founder.

It was his tumultuous past with Lensherr that formed the man Xavier would become. The two shared a common goal in their early years, but a dispute between them led to a massive fallout in which Lensherr left Xavier crippled, abandoning their mutual philosophy of peaceful coexistence of the of mutantkind and humans. Charles spent his remaining years at odds with the man who would become one of the world's greatest terrorists, thwarting his plans time and again, while furthering the civil rights of mutants.

Found with his neck snapped, the murder of Charles Xavier seems to further indicate that Magneto is indeed the man responsible for not only this death but the deaths of hundreds of thousands in the event the world has come to call the Ultimatum Wave. Although unproven, it would explainthe strange weather patterns across the globe, including the tidal wave that destroyed most of Manhattan. The death toll from this attack continues to rise. As a result of these anomalies. Combined with the murder of Charles Xavier, Erik "Magneto" Lensherr has become the world's greatest fiend and threat.

To learn more, read the **Ultimatum Limited Series.** ■

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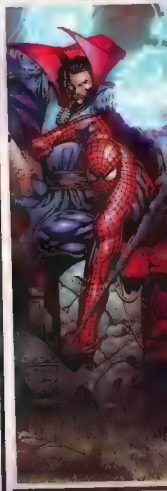

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Who's Next?

MEANWHILE..
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, BROTHER CONRAD. WELCOME.
T-TOMBSTONE. WHAT'S GOING ON, MAN? WHERE THE HELL AM I AND WHO THE HELL'S THAT?
THAT IS MY MAN, BUNKY. BUNKY USED TO WORK FOR ME DOING COLLECTIONS. I'D INTRODUCE YOU BUT AS YOU CAN SEE HE'S A LITTLE TIED UP.
SNORT SNORT SNORT
AND WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?
THOSE THINGS ARE MY CHILDREN.
WHAT, YOU NEVER SAW GHETTO PIGS? RAISED THEM SINCE THEY WERE BABIES. SMART AS A SIXTH-GRADER.
THEIR EYES...
YEAH. COUPLE YEARS AGO THEY GOT INTO SOME MEDICAL WASTE SUPPLIES. TOXIC STUFF. MADE 'EM CHANGE...THOUGHT THEY'D DIE BUT THEY ONLY GOT MEANER.
SNORT SNORT SNORT
YOU'RE FEEDING THEM HUMA--
FINGERS, TOES, ARMS,-- THEY'LL EAT WHATEVER ??#% YOU PUT IN FRONT OF 'EM.
'SPECIALLY THE BIG ONE. HANNIBAL. MOTHER ALMOST TOOK OFF A COUPLE MY FINGERS. AIN'T THAT A BITCH. TRIED TO EAT THE HAND THAT FEEDS HIM.
GENTLEMEN.
MMMMMM! MMMMMM! MMMMMM!
SEE, BUNKY WAS JUST SKIMMING OFF THE TOP. NOT NEARLY THE TYPE OF COIN YOU OWE ME.
WE HAD A BET--
BET YOU PEGGED ME FOR A DOG PERSON, HUH? THOUGHT I'D KEEP A COUPLE PITTIES, DIDN'T YOU--RACIST BASTARD.

GOD NO, TOMBSTONE--
THIS IS HOW IT'S GONNA GO DOWN WHEN YOU LOSE THIS BET--I WANT MY MONEY. BECAUSE YOU AIN'T GONNA GET THE PIGS RIGHT AWAY. NAH, I'LL PUT YOU TO WORK--THROW SOME LIPSTICK AND HEELS ON YA AND MAKE YA WALK THE STROLL.
AND WHEN YOU'RE SPENT, THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL END UP--YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU HEAR ME?!
YES! YES! I HEAR YOU!
NEW SET OF RULES: YOU CHECK IN WITH ME EVERY DAY. I DON'T WANT TO LEARN YOU WENT OFF SOMEWHERE TO WORK ON YOUR COPPERTONE TAN.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
GOOD. BECAUSE WORD HAS IT, YOUR GREAT SAVIOR DEADPOOL HAD A LITTLE RUN-IN WITH THE PUNISHER SO IT'S REALLY JUST A MATTER OF TIME.
BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE.
PPPPPSSSTT
OUCH!
YOUR ASS HAS BEEN CHIPPED, CONRAD. I'M GONNA KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT ALL TIMES. I SO MUCH AS SEE YOU HEADING TOWARD AN AIRPORT--RAILROAD, ANYTHING OUTSIDE OF THE CITY--I'M COMING FOR YOU HARD.
AND TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT THAT.

THE NEXT MORNING...
HOW YOU FEELING?
CRAZY, INEZ! GOT THE EYE BACK AND, MIGHT I ADD, YOU ROCK MAAAARVELLLLOOOUS.
CALL ME INEZ AGAIN, WADE, AND I'LL RIP IT RIGHT BACK OUT.
MY BAD.
SO, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO? WHAT'S YOUR NEXT MOVE?
NEXT MOVE? HMM. WELL, AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO SIT AROUND WATCHING "I LOVE LUCY" RERUNS, I NEED TO FIND THE LITTLE PUNK WHO SET ME UP. RIGHT NOW EVERY CARD-CARRYING MEMBER IS PROBABLY LOOKING TO GET A PIECE OF LITTLE OL' ME AND THAT DON'T SIT WELL.
I COULD PUT A CALL IN TO AGENT X...?
NAH. THIS ONE I'VE GOT TO DO SOLO.
HOW'S THAT CHUNKY MONKEY DOING, ANWAY? STILL DOWNING BAGS OF CRUDITE AND LITE BEER?
ONLY FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY MORE TO GO. NOT BAD.
Y'KNOW, HE ACTUALLY LOST 1H LBS. JENNY CRAIG.

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT: BIKINI WAX.
NO NEED TO WASTE MONEY. LEMME BREAK OUT THE SWORD--
I DON'T THINK MY BOYFRIEND WOULD LIKE THAT.
YOU GOT A BOYFRIEND?
SORTA. TERRIFIC GUY I MET ON ASHLEY MADISON.
RIIIIGHT.
WELL, I NEED TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT OF MY OWN TO THE GOOD PEOPLE AT "BLACK OPS" MAGAZINE. SEE IF THEY CAN STEER ME IN THE DIRECTION OF THE UNLUCKY SOON-TO-BE-DECAPITATED PERSON WHO POSTED THAT AD.
WELL, I'M HERE FOR YOU, WADE. ANYTHING I CAN DO--
ANYTHING?
BUT THAT.
YOU SURE DIDN'T FEEL THAT WAY WHEN I WAS MINIATURIZED AND COULD GET TO ALL THOSE HARD-TO-REACH PLACES.
I REALLY MISSED YOU AND THESE TIGHT LITTLE BUNS OF YOURS. OOOO! STAY AS LONG AS YOU NEED.
SHE SO WANTS US.
Ashley Madison, huh? Let's find her computer.
YOU CANNOT SEE. OF ALL THE THINGS, TO LIVE IN DARKNESS MUST BE THE WORST.
FEAR IS THE ONLY DARKNESS.
HLIH
WHEN YOU CAN TAKE THE PEBBLE OUT OF MY HAND IT WILL BE TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE.
KNOCK KNOCK
OUTLAW, YOU MIGHT WANNA TAKE A SEAT. WE GOT OURSELVES SOME KUNG FU--

--YOU EVER SEE THIS ONE?
AAHHHHH!
AAHHHHHH!
THAT'S JUST MEA--
SSHHHUKT
AAHHH!

THUK
ARGGHH!
THUK
SNORT
SNORT
SHIKT

IN THE FUTURE...
YOU MIGHT WANNA DO A LITTLE RESEARCH...
HUFF
HUFF
BECAUSE I DIDN'T BLOW UP THAT BUILDING.
THERE'S VIDEO.
DUDE, C'MON! REALLY? WHO'RE YOU GONNA BELIEVE--ME OR THE TV?
EVER HEAR OF GREEN-SCREEN? HELLO! IT'S SMOKE AND MIRRORS.
WELL THIS SURE ISN'T.
WHACK!

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